

# GARLAND

## NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING,

- May those who are married live happy.
- The British Spy.
- The Egyptian Wedding.
- The Lover's Complaint.



M. Angus and Son, Printers, Newcastle.

*May those who are married live happy.*

**A** Bachelor leads an easy life,  
 Few folks that are wed live better,  
 A man may live well with a very good wife,  
 But the puzzle is, how to get her;  
 There are pretty good wives, and pretty bad  
 wives,

And wives neither one thing nor t'other,  
 And as for the wives who scold all their  
 lives,

I'd sooner wed Adam's grandmother:  
 Then laidies and gents, if to marriage in-  
 clin'd,

May deceit or ill-humour ne'er trap ye!  
 May those who are single get wives to their  
 mind,

And those who are married live happy.

Some chuse their ladies for ease or for grace,  
 Or a pretty turn'd foot as their walking,  
 Some chuse for figure, and some for face,  
 But very few chuse 'em for talking.

Now, as for the wife I could follow through  
 life,

Tis she who can speak sincerely;

Who, not over nice, can give good advice,  
 And love a good husband dearly.  
 So ladies and gents, when to wedlock in-  
 clin'd,  
 May deceit nor ill-humour ne'er trap ye!  
 May those who are single find wives to their  
 mind,  
 And may those who are married live  
 happy!

### THE BRITISH SPY.

**O**NE day as I rambled in Kingston Park,  
 On the sorrowful times I made a re-  
 mark,  
 In the shade I sat down and began for to  
 write  
 These verses, to shew that the world's all a  
 bite.  
 The way for to thrive is to follow this plan,  
 To swagger, and swear, and cheat all you  
 can,  
 The greatest deception for money contrive,  
 Palaver and cheat, and you're sure for to  
 thrive.  
 You must mind that your neighbours don't  
 see you do well,  
 For they'll be very angry, the truth I do tell

They'll backbite and slander to get you in  
thral,

And gladly rejoice to see your downfall.

Dick Duff the baker is none of the least,

His bread is like wind, so spunged with  
yeast,

But if they'd give us loaves like to their  
wives head,

I'm sure the poor people would never want  
bread.

Fat Gut the butcher, I must bring him in,  
He charges nine pence per pound and thinks  
it no sin,

He'll cock up his steelyards and make 'em  
go down,

And he'll swear its full weight if it wants  
half a pound.

So much got in fashion is taking of snuff,  
If you ask for a halfpenny worth shopkeepers  
will laugh,

And they give so little as now the time goes,  
That makes a poor man fer to damn his  
wife's nose.

The farmer's daughter wears such a high  
crown,

No wonder that butter is twenty-pence a  
pound,



If you ask her the reason, why then the sweet  
lafs

Says the cows give no milk, there is but  
little grass.

In the best air baloon that e'er we can find,  
Let us send the rogues off in a gale of high  
wind,

The baloon in the air, in the clouds may it  
burst,

That the greatest of rogues may break his  
neck first.

CHORUS.

For honesty's all out of fashion,  
And these are the rigs of the times.

THE EGYPTIAN WEDDING.

SINCE Shopkeepers now are the stile,  
We'll laugh at proud Buona's intention,  
He promis'd to visit our isle,  
But frighten'd to leave his convention.

For Bonaparte's coming they say,

With plenty of gun-boats and barges,  
To learn us a foreign strathspey,  
And make 'plunder to pay all his charges.

But let him come o'er if he dare,

On our coast let him try for to moor them,

He must first on the sea dance Jack Tar,  
And on the land with us dance Tulligorum.

Ye Corfican, come if you will,  
 Bring a' your convention together,  
 We'll learn ye an auld highland reel,  
 To the tune of the Braes of Balquhider.

O Buona come o'er wi' your boats,  
 Ye dinna mind lives nor expences,  
 Since in Egypt ye danc'd wi' the Scots,  
 Till a few of you there lost your sensas.

Your invincibles open'd the ball,  
 A curious reel if you'd seen it,  
 For you danc'd the safest of all,  
 For in France you were walking a minuet.

The Dutch danc'd with Duncan a while,  
 The Spaniards they did dance with Jervis;  
 But that reel at the mouth of the Nile,  
 Has done all your dancers a service.

The Danes they would fain have a dance,  
 With Nelson they open'd the ball too,  
 And altho' they had lessons from France,  
 We learn'd them the old jig of Malta.

If our bagpipers play you a spring,  
 You'll call it an Egyptian wedding,  
 Where you learn'd the true highland fling,  
 But took care not to stay to the bedding.

Our sailors the first jig will play,  
 And us, wi' our wee pickle meal, O,

Will dance you Sir Sidney's strathspey,  
As soon as you leave your flotillas.

Your dancing has but bad effects,  
Or the croppies are surely a joking;  
For they're tying ropes round their necks,  
And they dance until they are choking.

If you learn them such capers as these,  
In view of republican fancies,  
I'll just rather tak' to my brose,  
And stick to my auld fashion'd dances.

In dancing you're fam'd, it is true,  
But what do we care for cotillions,  
We'll shew you the red and the blue,  
We'll pay little respect to your millions.

For Geordy will father the throne,  
And see who dare come for to own it;  
And when he is dead we've his son,  
For to wear his daddy's blue bonnet.

### THE LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

**A** BROAD as I walked for my recreation,  
Thro' the green pasture I carelessly stray'd,  
I heard a young damsel make sad lamentation,  
Crying, Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.  
I stood still amazed, and round me I gazed,  
At last in an arbour I saw a fair maid,  
Her cheeks were like roses, and her hands as sweet  
posies,  
Crying, Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.

The sweet little thrushes sung in the green bushes,  
 Their notes all appear'd for to mourn for the maid,  
 Her song was concerning young Jamie her darling,  
 Crying, Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.

Distress on the nation with great tribulation,  
 The wars have brought on us, then cried the fair  
     maid,  
 Young maids are bewailing, and wives are complain-  
     ing,  
 Many thousands are slain in the wars I'm afraid.

My heart it did bleed for to see death upon her,  
 The woodlark and dove seem'd to mourn for the  
     maid,  
 She languish'd, and died, saying, I'll be no man's  
     bride,  
 For Jamie is slain in the wars I'm afraid.

But Jamie returned, with love his heart burning,  
 And hearing young Nancy was laid in the grave,  
 This young man fell sick, and died in a week,  
 Crying, O that I never had left this fair maid.

May success attend every sailor on the ocean,  
 That parents and wives may be blest with their own,  
 That peace with all nations may soon be concluded,  
 And grant every sailor may safe return.

10 JUL 52  
 FINIS.